

# KELOWNA CLARION

## AND OKANAGAN ADVOCATE.

VOLUME I.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1905.

NUMBER 30

### Our New Survey

Is now finished and we have the choicest Acre Lots and Building Lots for sale on easy terms. A year ago some people laughed at \$200.00 per acre and said wait a year and we will buy for half that price. Their year is now up and Land is up to \$500.00 per acre and selling readily at this figure.

**Okanagan Fruit and Land Company, L't'd.**  
**F. R. E. D'Hart, Manager.**

## The Big Store

### GENTS FURNISHING DEPT

We have just received our first shipment of

### SPRING CLOTHING

SHIRTS and COLLARS.

In Clothing we have the very latest patterns known to the trade, comprising black and blue clay worsteds, fancy stripe worsteds and mixed tweed.

You take no chance in buying our clothing. We guarantee fit, workmanship and quality of material used to be the best that money can procure.

Every gentleman likes to wear an up-to-date shirt. We have it for you. Drop in and see for yourselves.

There is nothing you want in collars we cannot give you. Every size and height in all the newest shapes. Remember, we sell nothing but Four Fold Pure Linen Collars.

Still we are adding to our immense stock, this time it is Trunks and Valises. All sizes and styles in trunks, suit cases, Gladstone bags, telescopes and club bags.

## Lequime Bros. & Co.

KELOWNA, B. C.

### Penticton.

From Our Correspondent.

W. J. Snodgrass, of Okanagan Falls, and electrician Kelly of Victoria, completed their work of putting in telephone instrument on the new government owned line reaching from Nicola Lake here, by installing one in J. A. Schuberts' store on Wednesday last. Penticton is now connected by wire with Okanagan Falls, Fairview, Keremeos, Bradshaw's, Hedley City, Stewart and Macdonald's mill, Princeton, Granite Creek, Tulameen City, Oter Valley, Aspen Grove, and Nicola Lake. The entire length of the line is in the neighborhood of 170 miles. By putting in a switch at Nicola it will be possible to talk with Kamloops, a distance of 60 miles more. It is difficult to realize the change it makes to be put in such immediate touch with the whole country lying between here and the C. P. R. main line to the west. News of all kinds, religious, (from Bradshaw's) social, (from Hedley) and political (from Nicola) kept the wires humming for the first few days, and the pleasing voices of old "tillicums" saying "Hello! is that you"—induced a happy frame of mind that compelled one to arise and called the inventor of the telephone blessed. No effort should be spared on the part of the Summerland, Peachland and Kelowna people to have the line extended from this place north.

The construction of the new hotel being erected by Percy Marks is going forward rapidly.

C. A. C. Steward, proprietor of the Hotel Penticton, has had a warehouse near the hotel divided off into bedrooms, and with the increase accommodation expects to be able to care for the many visitors who will come during the next few months "to spy out the land."

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Schubert returned from a visit to Armstrong, Vernon, and Kelowna on Wednesday last, and spent a few days here before leaving for their home at Hedley City.

F. H. Latimer, L. S. is making good headway in surveying out streets on the Shatford addition.

The Daly Reduction Co's fourth stamp mill at Hedley is closed down again on account of lack of water, the three mile flume from Twenty Mile creek having been rendered useless during the cold weather. The company is still shipping high grade concentrates to the Everett smelter and with the opening of spring will again operate the mill.

The Smilkameen people are taking a keen interest in the political situation at Victoria and some doubt is expressed as to whether the McBride government will survive the present session. The premier's fate appears to be in the hands of the two Socialists, and Davidson the labor representative from the Slocan, who are asking for the passage of a bill making an eight hour day for smelter workers. If their demand is conceded it seems likely some important legislation in aid of a Coast Kootenay road, will come before the legislature soon. The attitude of L. W. Shatford M. P. P. in refusing to second the speech from the throne unless given some definite promise regarding the early building of this much needed line appears to meet with general approval.

### Notice

NOTICE is hereby given that sixty days after date I intend applying to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for permission to purchase 48 acres, more or less, of Range Land, commencing at a point on the East side of Okanagan Lake, thence East 80 chains, thence South 80 chains, thence West 40 chains, thence North 40 chains, thence West 40 chains, following the North boundary of Property lately in the occupation of A. B. Knox to a point on Okanagan Lake, thence following boundary of Lake to point of commencement.

F. WALLIS

Date Kelowna Feb. 10th 1905.

### Now on the Market!

That choice parcel of land known as

### The ROSE Block

which has recently been surveyed into convenient sized lots situated within the Kelowna town site.

HUGH S. ROSE

### For Sale

A few good milk cows due to calve in Spring. Also some young stock, yearlings and calves. Mixed clover hay—20 tons. A few cords of dry wood, alder.

A. H. CRICHTON, Bryn Maur Farm.

Tenders wanted to clear 5, 10 or 15 acres brush. Apply as above.

### Strayed

To the premises of C. A. R. Lambly, in January last, three Cows, one red, with two small circular notches on right ear; two, one black, and red, with one large circular notch on lower part of left ear. For information regarding brands, apply to

E. J. HAYWARD,  
Peachland, B. C.

### South Okanagan Valley

Bureau of information of the South Okanagan Valley and for a list of property for sale, improved farms, Penticton T. S. Coy's lots, etc. Apply to

Wm. Smythe Parker.

General Real Estate Agent, who will always cheerfully give prompt and best attention to all inquiries from intending investors.

PENTICTON, B. C.

## Our Great Clubbing Offer

The Kelowna Clarion

and any of the following papers from now till Jan'y. 1906 for

\$2.25

Winnipeg Weekly Telegram  
Winnipeg Weekly Free Press  
Vancouver Weekly News-Advertiser  
Victoria Semi-Weekly Colonist  
The Farmers' Advocate

### This Offer

Is only good to paid up subscribers and only till the end of March

### Wm. Haug

Contracts taken for all kinds of Stone Work, Brick Work and Plastering. Just arrived a car of Coast Lime

KELOWNA, B. C.

### Mission Valey

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable ....

Good Horses and Rigs always ready for the roads. Commercial men accommodated on short notice. Freighting and Draying a specialty.

C. Blackwood, Prop.



## DOG AND DIPLOMAT

By LOWELL OTUS REESE

Copyright, 1904, by Lowell Otus Reese

Magnolia was one of those quiet little towns by the southern sea where many people go to spend the winter. Its chief beauty lay in the wide forest of live oaks all about, through which wound the level driveway, with its accompanying bicycle path. The sea knocked lazily at the door, but never with enough energy to cause the quiet little town to give it any attention beyond that of an occasional midwinter bathing party or a clamoring expedition up the coast, where the rocks were large and black in the moonlight and the scene peculiarly adapted to the telling of ghost stories and the walks home eminently well suited to the telling of love stories which, while not so thrilling, were infinitely more satisfactory.

Carleton saw her on the avenue one morning. He watched her enter a certain house with magnolias in the front yard. She entered with an air of proprietorship, and Carleton promptly decided that it was her home. He strode away to the nearest drug store and by skillful diplomacy elicited from the benevolent old gentleman with spectacles that the house was occupied by Colonel Barclay of New York, and—

But Carleton promptly forgot the rest of it as being "irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial." He remembered the name, however, and he saw her again that evening—afar off.

He was a modest fellow, and he tried to keep out of sight. However, he thought about her most assiduously, and finally he dreamed about her. This was getting serious. To think all day about a girl you've never met and to dream about her all night is alarming and an indication that it is time for you to leave town or hunt up a mutual friend.

Carleton knew no one in Magnolia, and he could not induce himself to leave. He continued to haunt the beach and drive and tell his troubles to the big pointer, who always listened with an appreciative thump of the tail and a tremendous droop of his cavernous jaw.

One evening Carleton was lying upon the grass half a mile from town when suddenly the pointer sprang up with a startled bark and rushed out into the middle of the bicycle path, frisking and ready for a romp. He was just in time to collide with Miss Barclay's wheel and send that frightened young lady to the ground in an undignified heap.

Carleton ran out in a perfect agony of contrition. "It's all Don's fault!" he cried. "I hope you won't—are you hurt?" he finished anxiously.

The young lady was regarding her muddy costume with mingled wrath and mortification. Her face burned a rosy red, and she sprang quickly upon her wheel and started with all speed from the scene of her tumble.

"He's a horrid, muddy beast," she half sobbed, "and if I owned him I would have him shot." Then with a half glance at the object young man, who stood hat in hand, she swept around a bend in the road and was gone.

Carleton stood numb. "It's all over now," he sighed. "Don, you've done it this time all right." The poor pointer hung his head and slunk away to lie down behind a tree and watch his master with agonized, apprehensive eyes. He was guilty, but so sorry.

Carleton regarded him long and thoughtfully.

"Don, old boy," he said, "it's up to you. You've got to be sacrificed. It goes hard with me, old chap, but she has condemned you, and that settles it."

Don wagged his tail anxiously and with doubt. He didn't understand, only that things were not at all right and that there was trouble ahead.

When Miss Barclay came down the next morning she found the big pointer tied to a magnolia tree in her front yard. Affixed to his collar was a card. She stood for a moment in blank amazement looking at the dog. Don sat down and smiled at her, thrashing his tail vigorously among the leaves to tell her he was sorry, but mighty friendly.

The girl approached slowly. Don watched her, but made no extravagant demonstrations. It was a point in his favor and went far toward excusing his ill chosen frivolity of the day before.

Miss Barclay laid a tentative hand upon his head. Don looked into her eyes gravely, but made no effort to presume upon the short acquaintance by unseemly fawnings.

The girl smiled finally. "Whose dog are you, anyway?" she asked quizzically.

The pointer opened his wide jaws and laughed with a soft, panting breath. Then he solemnly raised the right paw and laid it in Miss Barclay's hand. Curiosity took possession

of the girl, and she tore the card from the dog's collar and read it:

Dear Miss Barclay—Here is the bearer, Don, pursuant to your expressed wish of yesterday. Perhaps it is a bit cowardly, but I confess I haven't the heart to kill him myself. He and I have been chums a long time, and he is the only being I know in the whole south. So, while I express my deepest regret for the annoyance he caused you yesterday, let me bespeak for him an easy and painless death, for he has his good points. Very respectfully, ROBERT CARLETON.

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Barclay when she had read it. "Oh, my!" She glanced furtively up and down the street and across the way and seemed about to run. Nobody was in sight, however, save a ragged negro boy carrying a valise around the corner. "How foolish of me!" she smiled. She read the note and looked at the dog. Don wiggled her a friendly signal, and the tears came to her eyes. "Kill such a dear fellow! Never!"

She sat down on the grass and puckered her brows as she thought. Presently a light came into her eyes and she gasped. Then she frowned and smiled.

"Impudent rascal!" she said. "He's trying to get acquainted with me. It's perfectly outrageous of him!" She tried to be angry—very, very angry. But somehow she did not quite succeed. She remembered the picture of a tall, flushed young fellow with a well bred face standing before her with a look of miserable apology, and she was bound to confess that she was not able to feel just as indignant as she ought. She read the note once more.

"Impudent!" she said to Don. "Impudent—but—clever!" and she laughed. The dog laughed back and whacked the ground violently with his tail.

Then the real serious part of the puzzle occurred to her. She did not know the man's address. How then could she send this valuable animal back to him? And really did she not owe him an apology for her rude remark to him yesterday? He had not been to blame, and he had tried so hard to apologize.

After awhile she decided to advertise—discreetly. It seemed the best solution of the distracting problem. She untied the rope and led the dog around to the rear of the house, where she turned him over to the housemaid, and went in to telephone her advertisement to the paper.

Fifteen minutes later she found herself out in the back yard again. Don's eyes met her reproachfully. He was confined ignominiously in a chicken coop.

Miss Barclay tried her best to think it was all right. Then she gave it up. He was such a splendid dog after all! She took him from the coop and allowed him the freedom of the back yard. Don did not abuse the privilege. He seemed to understand that he was on parole. He lay down at her feet and watched her adoringly. She wandered away to the hammock and tried to forget the whole incident in a book. Don followed, sat down and peered solemnly over the edge of the hammock with grave eyes which seemed to say, "What are you going to do about it?"

That evening Carleton picked up the paper and read:

R. C.—Your dog has been pardoned and released on his own recognizance. Please come and get him. L. B.

And when Carleton called Don had been promoted. He was in the parlor, lying on the best Persian rug.

"Bless old Don!" said Carleton fervently six months later. "He caused it all. He's a diplomat worthy the court of St. James."

"Yes," said Miss Barclay, with a shy smile, "he's almost as great a diplomat as his master, save that he lacks his master's impudence."

"Perhaps," assented Carleton cheerfully, "but much goes with impudence which might possibly be missed by mere diplomacy." And he kissed her.

### Indirect Answers.

Yankees are said to answer one question by another. Turks meet questions by another sort of evasion, quite as irritating. Sir A. Henry Layard says in his "Autobiography" that during a journey through Asia Minor he met a shepherd driving his flock.

I asked him how many goats he possessed.

His reply was, "As many as passed by you."

"But," said I, "I did not count them. How many are there?"

"The same number I took with me to the mountains."

"But how many did you take to the mountains?"

"As many as I had."

It was useless to inquire any further. Passing a caravan of laden camels, I asked one of the drivers whence he came.

"From that side," was the answer, pointing with his finger in the direction.

"But from what town?"

"The town is there," pointing again.

"But the name of the town?"

"It was toward Smyrna."

And so the colloquy ended.

This habit is derived from the suspicion entertained by easterners of strangers, who are generally taken for government officials on some mission connected with taxgathering or other business distasteful to the population.

## A MEETING OF ROYALTY

By SIDNEY H. COLE

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Barbara stood at the gate drinking in the mountain air, which was like a draft of wine to her. The sun, hanging just above the crest of Bald Hill, had lifted the early morning fog and set the dew covered spider webs on the grass shimmering like so many clusters of crystals. Adown the road linens and thrushes were chirping merrily in the woods, and occasionally the breeze wafted the scent of pines to her. The woods were calling her. She would not disregard such an invitation.

She ran lightly into the house and presently reappeared with a parasol and a small red volume. Accoutered thus, she started down the road, followed by her aunt's admonition to be back



"PARDON ME, DOCTOR, BUT THEY'VE JUST GOT HER."

to dinner at noon and to remember not to cross the Johnsons' pasture, where rattlesnakes had been seen recently.

Barbara went briskly toward the woods with a feeling that on such a day it was indeed good to be alive. Well down the road she passed the great arched gateway of the sanitarium, and, looking up the steep driveway, she could see the buildings perched on the hill. She had not been down this road for ten years, but she suddenly remembered, with a little thrill of pity for its inmates, that the red brick building on the extreme left was the insane pavilion.

She took the little footpath which led across the lower end of the sanitarium grounds and into the pine woods. She found a place where giant pines towered many feet skyward and the ground was covered thickly with pine needles. Here she sat down and listened for a time to the tinkle of a tiny brook hard by and the sighing of the breeze through the pine tops. She had just opened the little red volume when the cracking of a twig warned her of some one's approach. She looked up. Before her, hat in hand, stood a handsome, well groomed young man, who regarded her with a steadiness of gaze decidedly disconcerting. As she looked up he bowed gravely.

"Good morning, Princess Louise," he said in a cheerful voice. "Really delightful morning, isn't it?"

Barbara's mouth curved scornfully. Then, all at once, the truth flashed upon her. This man before her was a stray inmate of the insane pavilion. Her eyes opened wide in alarm and made her doubly charming—at least so thought the young man with a keen sense of pity.

"Charming spot here," he went on easily. "Let me congratulate you on your choice."

Barbara's heart was beating wildly. The man might be dangerous, and she was at his mercy. She remembered she had heard somewhere it was best and safest to humor lunatics. So, smothering a desire to scream, she faced the intruder with as much composure as she could summon.

"I should very much like to sit down here with you," he was saying. "It isn't every one, you know, who is favored with a morning interview with Henry IV."

"Oh, yes," Barbara said breathlessly. "Do sit down. I shall be very glad to have you sit down with me. Indeed, I'm awfully—awfully pleased to have you sit down."

He seated himself with a smile which in a sane person would have betokened unlimited patience.

"And what is Princess Louise doing this morning?" he asked.

"I'm—I was reading a book on birds," said Henry IV., she said.

He glanced at her quizzically. "Do

you mind if I feel your pulse, your highness?" he asked quite humbly.

"Oh, no, indeed not," she assured him, at the same time extending her wrist to him. He pulled out his watch and took her wrist lightly in his hand. Presently he dropped it and returned the watch to his pocket.

"Ah, thank you," he said as he drew a tablet from his pocket and began writing rapidly on one of the pages with a pencil. He laid the tablet aside, and as it lay on the ground near her Barbara read in the round, full hand on the page:

"Janet Tolman.

"June 14. Tucker's Grove. Eyes unusually dilated. Conversation rational. Pulse 83."

"And now, Princess Louise," the young man was saying, "I think we'd better seek the banquet hall."

He rose and slipped the tablet and pencil into his pocket.

"I'm—it's very comfortable here," she said, and then as a forlorn hope she added, "but don't let me detain you."

"But really I insist," he said, with well bred firmness.

Barbara dared no longer hesitate. "Henry IV," assisted her to her feet, and as she gained them he slipped her arm through his own. She felt his arm pinning hers firmly against his side and realized that opposition was useless. Together they started through the grove, and Barbara was surprised to find they took the path leading to the sanitarium. They gained the grounds and started up the hill toward the buildings, "Henry IV," meantime conversing pleasantly and Barbara answering him as best she could. She breathed more freely now, for she was sure they would soon encounter an attendant, who would relieve her of her dangerous escort.

They had nearly gained the summit of the hill when an attendant in white coat came running toward them.

"Pardon me, doctor," he said, addressing Barbara's companion, "but they've just got her."

"Who?" said the other quickly.

"The Tolman woman. Found her in the laundry," said the attendant. "Here they come now," he added, pointing to two men who led a struggling woman between them.

"Good Lord!" gasped the erstwhile "Henry IV." "Who have I got, then?" "Then—then you're not insane?" said Barbara, giggling hysterically with this sudden removal of the tension.

"I wasn't an hour ago," he said, rubbing his forehead in a bewildered fashion.

"A woman named Tolman confined here escaped, as we supposed, this morning," he explained. "You are the image of her, which accounts for my actions in the grove. She thinks she's Princess Louise and everybody else is some other celebrity. Henry IV. fell to my lot. I'm particularly interested in the case, and because I was wondering what effect the quiet of the woods would have I took your pulse and made those notes in the grove. It's a terribly absurd situation. I don't know how to apologize to you. I presume you thought me insane and tried to humor me."

"Precisely," said Barbara, and they both laughed heartily.

"At least, let me get my automobile and take you home," he said. "I presume you've had quite enough of the grove for one day."

"Thank you," said Barbara, "but it's only a step to where I am staying with my aunt, Mrs. Durgin."

"Mrs. Durgin's?" said the doctor. "Why, I spend half my evenings there."

"Oh, then you must be Dr. Deanett, my aunt's idol," said Barbara.

"A fallen idol, I fear," he returned, "when she hears of my latest escapade."

Three months later they sat one evening before the fireplace at Mrs. Durgin's.

"Really, Barbara," the doctor said, "I demand an answer."

Barbara lifted her downcast eyes and flushed becomingly.

"I suppose I should humor you, as I did once before, 'Henry IV,'" she said. "I'm utterly uncontrollable when crossed," he laughed.

"Then," sighed Barbara, "for the sake of peace"—But at this point the sentence was interrupted.

### Several Kinds of Sausages.

The Germans, in most instances, altogether discard bread crumbs for their sausages, and when they do use them moisten them with milk or water, but the Italians refuse to put any bread into their sausages, and they claim that their famous "Bolognese mortadella" is at once a more nourishing and a more economical sausage than the very best German wurst, inasmuch as the "mortadella" must be boiled three times before it is properly cooked, and the water in which it has been boiled constitutes a strong clear soup. The Romans make likewise a highly ambitious sausage, in which no kind of bread is allowed to enter. They call it "zampino," which is the foot and leg of young pork, the best of which is obtained from Modena.

A leg freshly salted is chosen and carefully skinned, the trotter being preserved; then the meat is finely minced and after being seasoned is re-

placed in the "zampino," which is tied with string and simmered in an oval pan for two hours. Wholly innocent of bread crumbs are also the renowned "cervelas" of Strassburg.

### A View of Robespierre.

At the time of the destruction of the Bastille the most remarkable of the unfortunate wretches who had been confined within its walls was the Comte de Jorje, and he was brought to Mme. Tussaud that she might take a cast of his face. He had been incarcerated for thirty years, and when liberated he begged to be taken back to his prison. The people flocked in thousands to see the dungeons, and Mme. Tussaud was prevailed upon to accompany her uncle and a few friends for the same purpose. While descending the narrow stairs her foot slipped, and she was on the point of falling when she was saved by Robespierre, who held out his protecting hand and just prevented her from coming to the ground. "It would indeed have been a great pity if so young and pretty a patriot should have broken her neck in such a horrid place," said Robespierre, in his own peculiar complimentary style.—"Memoirs of Anna Maria Pickering."

### His Method of Rebuke.

"Ysaye, the violinist," said a musician, "is a fellow with some characteristics. Usually, for instance, he is shy and quiet, like a little girl, but if ruffled or annoyed he is different."

"He was playing at my house one night. Among my guests was an elderly woman—ugly enough, it is true—but a passionate lover of music. As Ysaye played, this woman drew closer and closer to him. She was interested in his score, and to read it the better she almost laid her head against his. Her cheek and his almost touched."

"Ysaye was very angry. Suddenly he stopped playing. He took out his handkerchief, and he wiped the woman's nose with it."

"Imagine the scene. Everybody started back in surprise. Ysaye, too, started back, apparently surprised beyond measure."

"Oh!" he said. "I beg your pardon. Your nose was so near my face that I thought it was my own."



# BIG SHIRT

Made big enough for a big man to work in with comfort. Has more material in it than any other brand of shirt in Canada. Made on the H.B.K. scale it requires 39 1/2 to 42 yards per dozen, whereas common shirts have only 32 to 33 yards.

That's the reason why the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt never chafes the armpits, is never tight at the neck or wristbands, is always loose, full and comfortable and wears well.

Each shirt bears a tiny book that tells the whole history of the "Big" Shirt, and also contains a notarial declaration that the H.B.K. "Big" Shirt contains 39 1/2 to 42 yards of material per dozen.

Sold at all dealers but only with this brand:—



HUDSON BAY KNITTING CO.  
Montreal Winnipeg Dawson



John Mullenbauer, founder of Mullenbauer refineries, one of the largest plants of the kind in the world, died of cerebral hemorrhage at the Merchants' club in Brooklyn.

## WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A Series of Articles Describing their Lives, their Aims and Their Influence.

No. 16

MR. E. S. ZINGG.



MR. E. S. ZINGG

Editor and Proprietor of the Wapella Post

Mr. E. S. Zingg of Wapella is a living illustration of the truth of the saying current among newspapermen, that the man who has the ability to conduct a successful country journal has all the characteristics necessary to success in almost any undertaking. As an editor Mr. Zingg has a splendid record, but, such is his irrepressible activity, that his editorship is only one of the many forms of his Protean activity. The production weekly of such a newspaper as the Wapella Post might well demand and consume the whole of the time and talent of its proprietor. But with Mr. Zingg it is otherwise—a mere segment of his work, nothing but a necessary and incidental part of the week's routine.

Mr. Zingg not only writes the editorial and local matter for the Post, rustles the ads and looks after subscriptions and the accounts, but runs a furniture business, does a little in real estate and dabbles in insurance. Even these do not keep entirely occupied the energetic Wapella editor. He is the president of the local board of trade, into which institution he has infused much of his own spirit of progressive energy, and which is one of the most virile forces for local improvement in the Territories. And Mr. Zingg's local patriotism does not stop here. He is a member of the Wapella town council, and one of the foremost and most forceful figures in municipal and local life in the community.

Undoubtedly the real test of ability, and worth is the regard in which a man is held by those with whom he daily associates. True, it is said that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. This may be the case when a man goes into the profession of prophecy, but it has no application in commercial, and least of all in editorial, life. In the realm of journalism, in which a man is under the spot-light of public observation and criticism every minute of the time he is awake, in which his actions and opinions are canvassed, judged and weighed by the whole community, a fakir, a humbug, or a hypocrite is soon sized up and set down at his true valuation. If a man wears well, and steadily appreciates in public esteem, it is because he is "all wool and a yard wide," and shoddy does not enter into his composition. That Mr. Zingg is in this class, and that his progressiveness, his ability, and his trustworthiness are best recognized by those who know him most intimately, the influence of the Post, and the public positions he occupies, are the most convincing proofs.

The editor in the average Western town has to go up against some pretty hard propositions. He is not in the position of his brother in a city, who can hew to the line and let the chips fall where they will. The community from which he draws his patronage is restricted in its area, and the support of all is necessary to his success. He cannot compensate for the loss of one advertiser, for instance, by the securing of another, and he is known by the merchants, and ladies' societies, placate the chief male kicker against all and sundry things as at present constituted, and, if he can do this (and to succeed he pretty nearly has to) he will be big frog in the local puddle. Evidently from the honors accorded him E. S. Zingg has accomplished all this—

Worry wont cure a cough. When you find a cough holding on—when everything else has failed—try

## Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic  
It is guaranteed to cure. If it doesn't, we'll refund your money.  
Prices: S. C. WALKER & CO. 304  
25c. 50c. \$1. LeRoy, N.Y., Toronto, Can.

which is only to say that he has approved himself a diplomat and an able man.

To readers of this journal the Wapella Post, which is among the most looked for and carefully read of their Territorial exchanges, is the best recommendation that its editor could desire. Its news is brightly written and well arranged. Its editorial utterances are moderate and sensible, evidently the reflection of a thoughtful mind. Its advertising patronage is proof positive as to the appreciation in which it is held by the local merchants, and the care and taste with which their business news is set up, and the general care as to typography and make-up, shows that the mechanical department is fully the equal of the others under Mr. Zingg's management.

While the professional ability of an editor can always be best estimated by the appearance and standing of the newspaper he controls, it is altogether silent as to his personal history, and the few facts following concerning Mr. Zingg will be welcomed by those who hitherto have known him only through the Post, or as one of the most reliable members of the Western Canada Press association.

E. S. Zingg was born at Hamburg, Waterloo County, Ontario, April 18, 1872, and is therefore but a young man. He was educated at the public and high schools of Walkerton and Hanover, after which he entered the office of the Hanover Post. Commencing as "devil" he climbed until he reached the rank of full-fledged journeyman. Then he removed to Toronto. He continued in the printing business until he was 20 years of age, when he went on the road as "drummer" for a wholesale furniture house, travelling in Ontario and Quebec. For six years he remained in this business, receiving a thorough training therein.

Taking the advice of Horace Greeley and the many others who have echoed the New York editor's utterances, Mr. Zingg came West in 1899, and in October of that year established the Wapella Post, which since that time has continued to shed the lustre of the true light of knowledge in ever-increasing volume.

As said before, Mr. Zingg is yet young, like most Western editors, and as can be seen by his "counterfeit presentment" at the head of this article, more than passably good looking. He is deservedly popular with his fellow scribes in the West, and few were more welcome than he and his amiable wife at the annual Press pilgrimages which marked the palmy era of the Western Canada Press association. Mr. Zingg has already done much in the realm of journalism since he came West, and more is expected of him, for he is justly regarded by his fellows as one of the most able and promising of the editors of the Canadian West.

**A Small Pill, but Powerful.**—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

**Assuredly Not**  
By the terms of an election bet a man in Emporia, Kansas, obligated himself to burn his shirt in front of the state capitol in Topeka. In Kansas the wind is not always tempered to the shirtless idiot, either.

## Ayer's

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral  
quiets tickling throats, hacking coughs, pain in the lungs. It relieves congestion, sub-

## Cherry Pectoral

duces inflammation. It heals, strengthens. Your doctor will explain this to you. He knows all about this cough medicine.

"We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in our family for 25 years for throat and lung troubles, and we think no medicine equals it."  
Mrs. A. POMEROY, Appleton, Minn.

25c. 50c. \$1.00. All druggists. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## Weak Throats

Ayer's Pills greatly aid recovery. Purely vegetable, gently laxative.

**Millionaire Fire Fighters.**  
A number of millionaires who live in one of the Philadelphia suburbs have formed a fire department of their own and are to build an engine house and fully equip it with all the necessary up to date apparatus at their own expense. They will employ a large fire company and so protect their own summer homes. Among the members of the organization are John Wannamaker, P. A. B. Widener and C. A. Barney.

**Dealing With Tramps.**  
The city of Colby, Kan., had 1,000 tickets printed and distributed among the housewives of the town. The tickets are good for one meal when countersigned by the city marshal. When a hobo appears at the back door and asks for a handout he is given one of these tickets, which the marshal will redeem for two hours' work on the streets. Unless the tramp follows this procedure he goes hungry in Colby.

**DON'T THROW AWAY YOUR MONEY**  
on Eastern and Southern Grown Nursery stock that will not grow, but write for our catalogue of hardy Apples, Grapes, Plums, Cherries, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Currants, Strawberries, Roses, Ornamental Shrubs and Trees Hedge and Windbreak Trees, Perennial Plants, etc. Trees that will grow in Manitoba and the Territories. Address  
BUCHANAN'S NURSERY, St. Charles, Man.

## Chronic Catarrh

Always Catching Cold

No Return in 14 Years

## PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)  
A CANADIAN REMEDY  
—HOME CURES



MISS GARRATT, Sussex, N.B.

"My daughter, when she was 5 years old, was troubled with a very bad cold for over six months.

She was short of breath, and seemed to be choked up all the time.

"The doctor said it was catarrh of the head and throat, and gave her medicine for it, but it gave no relief. Seeing Psychine advertised, I decided to try it, and before she had finished the first bottle she was as well as ever. The catarrh never returned, although 14 years have passed away since then, and she is now grown to young womanhood."—Mrs. Wm. Garratt.

**PSYCHINE is pronounced SI-KEEN.**  
The Dr. Slocum Remedies are sold by all druggists and many general stores.

**Psychine at \$1.00 per Bottle.**  
For further advice, information or free trial bottle write Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Head Offices and Laboratory, 179 King street west, Toronto, Canada.

**TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.**

**Would Not Like to Say**

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is this word I have written on the board—s-l-o-w?"

"Dunno."

"Oh, yes you do—think. What does your papa call you when you go on an errand and don't get back for a long time?"

"You'd lick me if I told you, ma'am"

**Not a Nauseating Pill.**—The expelling of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to the taste. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

The international committee of the Young Men's Christian association, which has the oversight of the association in North America, gives some astonishingly large figures in its review of the year's work. The associations now number 1,815, their membership is 373,502, and their receipts and expenditures in the year balanced at \$3,856,328.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.**

A Russian has devised a means for preserving dead bodies by embalming them in glass. The body is first covered with a thin coating of liquid glass. It is then placed in a mould and melted glass poured round it. The body thus becomes enclosed in an air-tight, solid and transparent mass of glass, and would be preserved indefinitely.

TRY IT ONCE, It will do you good.

# "SALADA"

CEYLON TEA is the Purest and Sweetest Tea in the world. It is sold only in sealed lead packets to preserve its native goodness. By all Grocers.

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Consign your grain to me and get prompt service, careful attention, and highest market prices.  
Reference: UNION BANK OF CANADA. S. SPINK, DRAWER 1300.

**SHIP** Your Grain to us to be sold on arrival or afterwards, as you may wish. We do a strictly Commission Business. In which we have had 30 years' experience. Prompt and reliable work guaranteed. Liberal Advances. Correspondence solicited. Licensed and Bonded. Reference—Bank of Hamilton, Exchange Branch.

**DONALD MORRISON & CO.** Grain Commission. 416 Grain Exchange, WINNIPEG, MAN.

## THE ANDREWS-GAGE GRAIN CO., LTD.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

We make a specialty of low grade wheat. Write us before shipping. We will show how we can serve you.

References:—Any Bank or Commercial Agency.  
GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

## MARCH-WELLS GRAIN CO.

Grain in car lots bought on track or sold on commission. Reasonable advance made. Prompt Returns. Correspondence solicited. Reference: Any Bank in Winnipeg.  
ROOM 414, GRAIN EXCHANGE BLDG., WINNIPEG.

## Ayer's Pills

The great rule of health—Keep the bowels regular. And the great medicine—Ayer's Pills. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**  
7575 022 OF DENTISTS ON R. F. HALL & CO., MANITOBA, N. B.

If it is a Question of Warmth use

## E. B. EDDY'S BUILDING PAPER

It Retains Heat and Keeps out Cold.

Write for Samples and Prices.  
**TEES & PERSSE, Limited, Agents, Winnipeg.**

**Women**  
Oh the neatness of their neatness when they're neat,  
And the sweetness of their sweetness when they're sweet,  
Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,  
And the sadness of their sadness when they're sad!  
And their neatness and their sweetness, and their gladness and their sadness are as nothing to their madnness when they're mad.

**Ignorance is a Curse.**—"Know thyself" is a good admonition, whether referring to one's physical condition or moral habits. The man who is acquainted with himself will know how to act when any derangement in his condition manifests itself. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a cheap and simple remedy for the eradication of pain from the system and for the cure of all bronchial troubles.

We do not enrich the present by ridiculing the past.

We shall be measured by what we might have been.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.**

A girl at St. Louis, U.S.A., not content with bringing an action against her sweetheart for breach of promise, is also suing her father, mother, sisters and brothers for conspiring to break off the engagement.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked, do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

**She Knew Him**

Here is a tale from Los Angeles, where divorce is remarkable easy. Two children met at a dancing school. Said the little girl: "So you have a new father at your house, I hear." "Yes," replied the little boy, "and he is the nicest chap I ever saw." "Pooh," said the little girl, "I know all about him; he was my father once!"

It is the opportunity we make that makes us.

## BLAIR'S GOUT AND RHEUMATIC PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

**TESTIMONIAL** from the late SIR SAMUEL BAKER, the famous Nile Explorer, "Newton Abbot, Devon. Dear Sir, I have delayed my thanks as I wished to test the effect of Blair's Pills by a sufficient interval of time.

"For ten years I had suffered acutely from Gout and life had lost its attraction owing to the uncertainty of health and sudden visitations of the enemy which prostrated me for months, or weeks according to the virulence of the attacks. Blair's Pills have rendered me immune service, as I no longer fear an attack of Gout.

"For the last twenty months I have been comparatively free, as one or two attempted visitations have been immediately stamped out by the assistance of Blair's Pills.

"Truly yours (Signed) Saml. W. Baker, Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal and Toronto; The Boile Drug Co., Winnipeg; and Martin, Boile & Wynne Co., Winnipeg."

## Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

## De Miracle

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and manufacturers. DE MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is indorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines. Booklet will be sent free, in plain, sealed envelope.

Your money back without question if it fails to do all that is claimed for it. DE MIRACLE mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, on receipt of \$1. Write for it to-day to DE MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 23 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, or THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

W N U No 515



## KELOWNA CLARION

And Okanagan Advocate.

\$2.00 per annum. \$1.00 for six months.

Advertising rates on application.

Job Work a Specialty.

R. H. SPEDDING, Proprietor.  
W. J. CLEMENT, Editor. H. M. SPEDDING, Manager.

THURSDAY, FEB. 23, 1905.

### Tempest in a Teapot.

The Vernon people during the past week or two have been in great straits about the request of Kelowna in regard to the establishment of a telegraph system here and the wire terminating at Vernon. It is remarkable what interest some people take in the affairs of others. In the first place, Vernon has no grounds for alarm, as it is quite understood at this end of the line that the wire is to be used both as a telegraph and telephone, and there has been no suggestion to take out the telephone instruments. But even if such were the case, whose interests would be most effected, those of Vernon or those of Kelowna? The statement that the matter was first mooted as a telephone scheme and then changed to a telegraph at the request of Kelowna business men is absolutely incorrect. Over a year ago a petition was sent from here asking for a wire connecting with that at Vernon, not that our citizens were particularly desirous of communicating with those of Vernon, but that they wanted communication with the outside world. This it appears the Vernon people attempted to prevent, but have had their scheme nipped in the bud. The time is past for Vernon or any other place in the Okanagan to dictate as to what we shall have or what we shall not have. Vernon has in the past drawn much of its trade from this section, and is consequently annoyed at the apparent frustration of her attempts to retain it. "The Okanagan Board of Trade, the Vernon Liberal Association, and the Vernon City Council" may howl themselves hoarse, but let them understand, once for all, that Kelowna is quite capable of looking after its own affairs, and that the telegraph has come to stay. One would almost think even the Ottawa Government must pay greater respect to the requests of Vernon than to those of other places, that, in fact, when Vernon speaks, all business must cease, and even Sir Wilfred must take off his hat and bow his head in presence of such greatness. Judging from the franchise being granted to the new company in Vernon, the town will have telephone enough before many years. We are fully in accord with our neighbours at the northern end of the valley in asking for an extension of the telephone to Peachland, Summerland, and Penticton, but we desire a more responsible method of communication, and now that it has been granted, it will take more than the "Okanagan Board of Trade, the Vernon Liberal Association, and the Vernon City Council to wrest it from us.

### Incorporation.

If the town is going to apply for incorporation during the present session of parliament, it is about time something was doing. We understand that the petition has practically been com-

pleted and that only a few minutes work is necessary to get it in shape for presentation. Why not act at once and get it of our hands. Spring will soon be here and there are many questions such as sanitation that must be met. We can see no valid reason why incorporation could not have been put through some months ago, but there certainly should not be a moment lost at present. The health of the citizens, the general appearance of the town, as well as many matters of public importance, demand attention. We expect a large influx of settlers, and visitors in the spring, so it is imperative that the place be made as attractive as possible. Kelowna has not been able to retain all who have come here with the intention of settling, and the cause must be attributed, in a great degree, to unsuitable sanitary conditions. Get incorporated and clean up the town.

To the Editor of the CLARION.

A terrible bogle seems to have attacked certain parties throughout the Okanagan, and from north to south a whirl of indignation has gone forth against the residents of Kelowna for some grievous sin they are accused of having committed regarding the establishment of the telegraph system to this place. The latest squeak comes from the Hedley Gazette, whose editor has evidently had a surplus amount of hot air pumped into him, and is so intensely agitated over the scandalous actions of those whom he terms the disgruntled politicians of Kelowna, that he simply can't stand the pressure any longer, and accordingly flushes upon an unsuspecting public a torrent of slander of the most lurid style. All things come to those who wait, however, and our dear friends north and south should possess their souls in patience. The people of Kelowna are not such a very bad lot once you become accustomed to their sunny ways. The establishment of the telephone system at this place some weeks ago by Mr. Henderson, Government Electrician, was taken advantage of by the prominent business men and others of the district to interview that gentleman on the subject of inaugurating a telegraph system over the same line, as was originally intended. A public meeting was called and Mr. Henderson, being made fully acquainted with the situation of affairs, stated that it was possible to operate both a telephone and telegraph service on the same wire, and that he would suggest this proposition to the authorities and endeavor to meet the wishes of the people in this connection. At that time it was distinctly understood that Kelowna was to be supplied with both systems. The telephones were installed during Mr. Henderson's visit and put in working order, and since that time the telegraph instruments have also been placed, an operator appointed and connection made. This appears to be about all there is to it. The object the people here had in view in advocating so earnestly for the telegraph was owing to the fact that this system is, as every business man knows, a more responsible and business-like method of communication on matters of trade and commerce, which it most instances are of a private nature, than through the telephone. Another reason was for the purpose of getting into touch with the outside world. Now the people of Vernon may consider that burgh to include within its limits all there is of this big round world, but it is possible there may be a few of the residents of the Okanagan who have not yet become fully seized of the fact that all things sublimity must of necessity centre at Vernon. There is a considerable area of country and business activities outside the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade and the other institutions in Vernon that are turning their attention so assiduously to the people of this community, and it is these outside institutions that the business men of Kelowna and district are desirous of making connection with. So far as trying to block the telephone scheme is concerned, there is pretty good evidence to show that it was residents of Kelowna who first suggested the idea of extending this system to southern points, and we are certainly of the opinion, that, instead of raising false issue and courting antagonism, the people of all portions of the Valleys would show more discretion by uniting their influences in favor of securing both systems of communication.

## Watches Clocks and Jewellery

Arrived at your own Prices

MILLIE & CO.

Ryamer's Block.

There are beautiful Ladies & Gentlemen's watches. Come and See Them

Repairing a specialty

## KELOWNA MEAT MARKET

Fresh Meats, Cured Meats, Fish and Game in season.

Orders delivered to any part of the Valley.

S. L. Long, C. E., P. L. S.

Agent for

Pacific Coast Pipe Companies Wooden Stave Pipe.

Prices and Information as to installation supplied on application. This pipe is eminently suited for irrigation and all other purposes.

Cheap and Durable  
KELOWNA, B. C.

## You Work

Year after year for a moderate income without getting ahead or making provision for your old age. You can

## Double Your Salary

Now with an investment of only five dollars a month. Do not allow other matters of less importance to press upon your time. Begin now. Write for information of our courses of study by mail.

The Kamloops General Agency

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Or to

The Canadian Correspondence College  
TORONTO, ONTARIO

D. W. Crowley & Co.

BUTCHERS

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams and Bacon. Fish and Game in season. All orders carefully attended to. Free Delivery.

Livery & Feed Stable

First Class Horses, Comfortable Rigs and Careful drivers. We give particular attention to the orders of Commercial men.

Stables near Lake View House.

D. W. Crowley & Co.

KELOWNA, B. C.

## Order Now

Your Spraying apparatus, Pruning shears or saws, Incubators, Brooders, Cream Separators, or—or—or—  
Anything else you may require in the Hardware line.

D. LECKIE

Kelowna Hardware Store.

## Farmers of Okanagan Mission!

Deal with the Real Estate Firm that has been thirteen years in the business and will handle your property to the best advantage. Be very careful before listing your lands with outsiders. All information in connection water records, etc., furnished gratis.

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Real Estate Agents  
KELOWNA,

## The Bank of Montreal

Capital, all paid up, \$14,000,000. Rest, \$10,000,000.  
Balance Profit and Loss account \$373,988  
Head Office, Montreal.

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A general banking business transacted. Drafts sold available at all points in United States, Europe and Canada, including Atlin and Dawson City.

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Withdrawals on Demand Without Delay

Ranchers and Country Business given special attention. Municipal and School District accounts received on favorable terms. Special attention given to the handling of Municipal and other debentures.

### Banking by Mail.

Deposits may be made and withdrawn by mail. Out-of-town accounts receive every attention.

### Okanagan District.

G. A. HENDERSON, Manager, Vernon

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E. S. V. McClintock, Sub-Agent

KELOWNA

H. G. Fisher, Sub-Agent.

## Kelowna Saw-Mill Coy.

Manufacturers and Dealers in Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Sash and Doors. No more Dry Slabs for Sale.

D. Lloyd-Jones.







## TWO BUTTERFLIES

By LOWELL O. REESE

Copyright, 1904, by Lowell O. Reese

A saint would have been driven frantic by the girl. I threw up my hands, figuratively, groaned literally and with an expletive not at all in harmony with the best ethics of polite society declared to my tortured soul that she had the sphinx beaten a mile.

The same not being an elegant thing to do, I excuse it only on the ground that I was worried to the point of irresponsibility. I swore by all the gods, from the little mud god of the Digger Indian to the war god Thor, never to have anything more to say to her. Fifteen minutes later I was back on the hotel veranda watching that tantalizing, inscrutable glint in her eye. For I was human, and she was very dear to me.

And the worst of it was she knew it. Once let a girl know you love her and you are lost.

"And you don't wish me to go out with Mr. Blakeslee?" she said with provoking mildness. "And why, please?"

"First," I broke out, "because you're going to marry me, and that in itself ought—"

"Indeed! And will you kindly tell me just when I promised to marry you, Mr. Jack Weston?"

She wasn't angry. I had not even that satisfaction. But I was both angry and in love.

"You—well, you know it's as good as settled," I began, but she interrupted me.

"As—good—as—settled!" she murmured dreamily. "Watch me now!" she said. She lifted her hand toward a brilliant butterfly which had alighted upon a rose at the edge of the porch. Her fingers opened. "See!" she said breathlessly. "I reach my hand—my fingers nearly touch him. Have I got him, though? It seems all I have to do is to close my fingers so—ah!" The gaudy creature eluded her just as her fingers brushed his striped wings. "I didn't get him!" she sighed. "And I was so sure of him!"

She jumped up, gave me a teasing smile and ran down the steps. Presently I saw her with Blakeslee going toward the boat landing. A little later they were moving briskly up the river, and then I saw—

It made my heart stop. Blakeslee palpably was the rawest dub in a canoe, and a canoe with an unskillful



MISS MILWOOD, STRANGELY QUIET, Huddled in the bottom of the canoe, hand on the paddle is about as dangerous as a powder mill with a live coal knocking about in it.

I started involuntarily toward the boat landing where my own canoe lay. Then I turned on my heel and stamped back. Not to save a thousand lives—my own included—would I be seen following them. They and all the rest of the world would attribute it to jealousy, and—

And deep down in my poor, aching, bedeviled heart I knew it would be the truth.

I dug up my pipe and polluted the sweet summer air for rods around. I determined to be a pessimist and a cynic and spend the rest of my life sneering at everything I used to like. I jeered at the idea of human felicity and wished I'd never been born. I had what is technically known as the mollygrubs. And then—

Suddenly a great light broke over me, and I saw where I had been playing the fool instead of the wise general. I had been giving her all the advantage, and as I reviewed my case I grew utterly and thoroughly ashamed of myself. The spectacle of a great six foot grownup man toddling around, beseeching a small girl to love him! How could she, when I was so devoid of

stamina as that?

And then I determined that, come what might, I would do so no more. It might break my heart, but I was determined. Then, too, my heart was all crushed to frazzles anyway, so a little more breaking would be a mere incident not worth considering.

A mutter of thunder in the west, and I glanced up in apprehension. A black cloud was rolling up through the pines, and already the wind was beginning to sway the tree tops. I rose and looked up the river. No canoe was in sight. Filled with alarm I climbed into my canoe, a tiny thing, and paddled furiously up the stream ahead of the rising wind.

Half a mile up the river, and no sign of the canoeists. The wind swept down and almost instantly the water was beaten into whitecaps, and the little shell bobbed like a cork, but I held it straight ahead and watched it with the instinct of one trained to the paddle. And then the rain came!

As I rounded a bend in the channel I saw them. They were huddled under a heavy pine near the water's edge. The waves were trying to drag the canoe away from the bank, and Blakeslee, the picture of woe, was struggling to get it ashore.

I ran my canoe close in and sprang upon the bank before they saw me. It was growing dark, what with the storm and the lateness of the hour. Miss Milwood turned and gave a glad cry.

"Oh, Jack," she said piteously. "I'm so glad! We've been unable to get home! Our canoe was beaten back by the storm, and it upset and we were thrown into the water, and it was a mercy it was near the shore, else we'd have drowned!"

"How did you escape?" I asked stiffly.

"We—we waded! And I'm chilling to death, Jack!" Her lips were blue with cold, and she shivered miserably. Poor Blakeslee was in no better plight.

I hastened to right the other canoe with Blakeslee's help. Then I put the luckless boatman aboard, paddled him across to the mainland and bade him sprint for the hotel and get a roaring fire ready. I then recrossed the river, lifted the terrified girl into the large canoe, tied the other behind and set out in the teeth of the storm. Doggedly and steadily, keeping as much as possible in the lee of the shore, we crept down the angry sheet of water. Miss Milwood, strangely quiet, huddled in the bottom of the canoe and said not a word. But I could hear her teeth chattering and I felt love and pity struggling hard with my new resolution to be grimly firm and uncompromising.

My muscles were aching and my heart throbbing as though it would burst when at last we drew into the shelter of the boathouse. I fastened the canoes and lifted the wet figure ashore.

"Oh, Jack," she quavered, "I should have died if you hadn't!"

"I beg you won't mention it, Miss Milwood," I said with exaggerated politeness. It was a mean thing to say. I realized it at the time, but it was necessary if I was to crush the fierce longing to take her in my arms.

I hurried her up to the hotel. From time to time she pushed back her wet hair and gazed at me with a pathetic wistfulness which I affected not to see. The storm had blown swiftly away, and the big white moon was sailing through the sky dotted with scudding cloud drift.

I resigned her to the care of the solicitous Mrs. Kerens, who was all sympathy and bustling motherliness. Blakeslee was there in an agony of contrition. I went away, changed my wet clothing and sat down within the half lighted library, gloomily watching the pine logs in the wide fireplace.

After about an hour a timid hand parted the curtains, and I knew without turning my head who it was. She came in slowly.

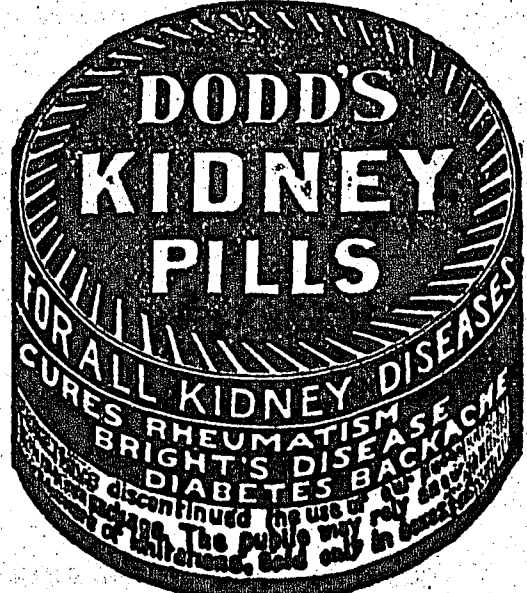
"Jack," she said tremulously.

I sprang to my feet and offered her a chair. She refused to notice it. She held out her hands. I in turn refused to notice them.

"Jack," she whispered, "are you angry?"

"Not at all, Miss Milwood!" I rejoined, still excessively polite and proper. "I am merely going to reform."

She knew. For a moment she stood silent with her head bent down. I stood gazing over her head with eyes which dared not look for a moment at hers, else all were lost. Then I heard her sob.



## NO DOUBT ABOUT ROBT. BOND'S CASE

HE WAS CURED OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE BY DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

Doctors Said There Was No Hope For Him but He is a Well Man Now

Mount Brydges, Ont., Jan. 9.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Bright's Disease completely and permanently has been clearly shown in the case of Mr. Robt. Bond, a well-known resident of this place. Mr. Bond does not hesitate to say that he owes his life to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"My attending physician," Mr. Bond states, "said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. I then commenced to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and no other remedy. I used in all about twenty boxes when my doctor pronounced me quite well. I have had no return of the trouble since."

Bright's Disease is Kidney Disease in its worst form. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure it. They also easily cure milder forms of Kidney Complaint.

### Sudden

Ian MacLaren recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humor: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus: "Cauid?" "Ay." "Gaun to be weety (rainy)," "I'm thinkin'." "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ou, ay! he's in." "Can I see him?" "Na." "But a wanted tae see him." "Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid." "Deid?" "Ay." "Sudden?" "Ay." "Verra sudden?" "Ay, verro sudden." "Did he say anything about a pot o' geen pent afore he deid?"

A puff is a poor prop.

Convictions create character.

All power involves privileges.

Fast living is but faster dying.

Only a fool's tomorrow ruins today.

Right motives make good manners.

Blessings are hidden in the blows of pain.

We do not earn heaven by pining for paradise.

### A MOTHER'S PRECAUTION

There is no telling when a medicine may be needed in homes where there are young children, and the failure to have a reliable medicine at hand may mean much suffering, and perhaps, the loss of a priceless life. Every mother should always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets in the house. This medicine acts promptly and speedily, cures such ills as stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, simple fevers, colds, worms, and other little ills. And the mother has a guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. One wise mother, Mrs. Geo. Hardy, Fourchu, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them a blessing to children. I am not satisfied without a box in the house at all times." If your dealer does not keep these Tablets in stock send 25 cents to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and you will get a box by mail postpaid.

"It was a bad day for butterflies," I muttered huskily.

She glanced up, and I saw her eyes filled with tears. "This butterfly is tired, Jack—dear Jack!" she whispered. "It doesn't want to fly!"

"Never—for always!"

"Never—for always!"

It was good—all that wretchedness and anxiety of long months, when she lay tight against my breast and I kissed the perverse red lips—meek now and sweetly submissive. Perverse no more, for the butterfly was caught!

### A Once Famous City.

Caerleon of Roman times and of the days of King Arthur still exists. The famous city that was once the garrison of the Second Augustan legion, the capital of South Wales and the seat of an archbishopric is now a sleepy little town lying between the industrial centers of Pontypool and Newport, but is far enough away from both to have maintained the dignity and pathos of its isolation. Here are to be seen the ruins of a Roman amphitheater, a great oval bank of earth called Arthur's Round Table and an enormous mound once fortified by the Romans. The officers and men of the crack Roman regiment and their wives and families left many remains of their occupation—tombstones, fragments of household utensils, needles and fibulae, remains of villas and baths, lamps, glass and enamel ornaments, carvings, rings, seals and the like, to be gazed upon in the cases of the local museum. The whole place, with its combination of hill and winding river, with low lying houses nestling in abundant trees, forms a picture which many a painter has sought to portray on canvas.

### Well Prepared For Dinner.

Hicks—So you went home with Stingman for lunch today, eh? What did you get? Wicks—An appetite for dinner.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### A Novel Theater.

Probably the most novel theater in the world is that which was recently opened at Thale, in Germany. The theater is on the summit of a mountain and is surrounded on all sides by steep rocks, the seats for the audience are hewn out of the rock and accommodate 1,000 persons, and the stage, which is also hewn out of the rock, is eighty feet long by fifty-four feet wide. No artificial scenery is used, but the background is formed by the dense forest and by the outlines of the mountains in the distance.

### Culinary Progress.

Germans have long since accustomed us to the edible fork, and now, says a contemporary, English hotel keepers have started an edible menu card. It is made of biscuit and not meant to be eaten, of course, until the end of the meal. A menu card and a glass of wine will, however, it is thought, satisfy many who like a quick lunch. If progress is made along these lines we shall soon have edible waiters.—London Bystander.

### Votes In Belgium.

Under the Belgian law unmarried men over twenty-five have one vote, married men and widowers with families have two votes and priests and other persons of position and education have three votes. Severe penalties are imposed on those who fail to vote.

### How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for Consumption.

Better a deluded enthusiasm than a dead heart.

Slick lips are not accepted for shining lights.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

#### Equal Distance

A travelling man who drove across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day met a farmer hauling a wagonload of water. "Where do you get water?" he asked.

"Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied.

"And you haul your water seven miles for your family and stock?"

"Yep."

"Why, in the name of sense, don't you dig a well?" asked the traveller.

"Because it is just as far one way as the other, stranger."

### TAKE NOTICE

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

### Very Likely

A very stout farmer and his equally stout wife drove out to call on the minister. The one sat in the front of the trap and the other behind. They had to cross a pretty deep ford on the way.

Arrived at the manse the farmer was greeted by the minister, who said:

"But why did you not bring Mrs. Brown with you?"

"She's there—in the trap behind."

"No, she is certainly not there."

"Weel, she was when we left home. Guidness gracious! that must hae been the splash I heard."

## NEW VIGOR FOR THE NERVES

NEW POWER AND STRENGTH FOR EVERY ORGAN OF THE BODY IN THE USE OF

### Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Good digestion, ruddy complexion, splendid circulation, clear brain, steady nerves, sound, restful sleep, better health and greater strength of mind and body is what you may expect from the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Not in any mysterious way but from the hard fact that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the elements of nature which go to form now, red corpuscles in the blood, or, in other words, make the blood rich, in the nutritive principle which creates nerve force—the power which runs the machinery of the body.

WITH THE VITALITY OF THE BODY THUS BROUGHT TO HIGH WATER MARK WEAKNESS AND DISEASE GIVE PLACE TO HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Impaired digestion, irregular action of the feminine organism, weakness of heart, lungs or other bodily organs, pains and aches and all the annoying consequences of weak nerves and blood disappear because the cause of their existence is removed.

By noting your increase in weight you can prove that new, firm flesh and tissue are being added by this great restorative.

Mrs. W. R. Sutherland, St. Andrews, Man., writes: "In February, 1903, I was stricken with paralysis, fell helplessly on the floor and had to be carried to bed. The doctor pronounced it a bad case as I had no power in my tongue and left leg. I remained in that condition for six months without obtaining benefit from the doctor's prescriptions or other medicines.

"My husband advised me to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and by the use of this treatment all symptoms of the disease disappeared. I can now talk plainly, my leg is all right and I can do my household work. How grateful I am to be cured by so wonderful a remedy."

Test the extraordinary upbuilding power of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Ed. Manson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

### Only an Episode

Breathlessly the young man who had declared himself stood over her awaiting his answer.

Breathlessly—yet it was better so He was chewing a clove.

### Minard's Liniment Cures Dyptheria

#### Died Happy

Representative Fitzgerald of Boston has a story of an Irish couple in that city who, despite a comparatively happy life, were wont to have violent misunderstandings. Nevertheless, the pair were devoted to each other, and when the husband died not long ago the widow was inconsolable.

Shortly after the funeral a friend who had dropped in to see how Mrs. Milligan was getting on chanced to remark:

"Well, there's one blessing, Maggie, for they do say that poor Mike died happy."

"Indeed he did," responded the widow. "The dear lad! The last thing he done was to crack me over the head wid a medicine bottle."

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant—is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

A soap of doubt is a destroyer of clothes. There is no doubt about

## Sunlight Soap

We back its purity with a \$5000 guarantee. Why do not you wash your clothes the easy Sunlight way? Equally as good with hard or soft water. 1170

Buy Sunlight—Give it a trial. Your money back for any cause of complaint.

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto



## When History Repeated Itself

By INA WRIGHT HANSON

Copyright, 1904, by Ina Wright Hanson

Miss Eugenie Barnett looked discontentedly across the veranda at her blond cousin in the cushion piled hammock.

"You've no business to be so pretty, Julia Knox, and to look so absurdly young. You are just as old as I am, and that is twenty—"

"Hush!" The little widow sat up quickly. "You mustn't, Eugenie. If we think we are young and never acknowledge that we are not young we'll fool the people into thinking—"

"A pocket edition of blue and gold," continued Eugenie morosely. "That's what Dr. Hunt called you, and it suits you too. I tell you, Julia, it's little short of tragedy to worship beauty as I do and be homely as a hedge fence myself!"

"The cypress hedge fence at the foot of my garden is beautiful, I think," said the widow, lying back among her cushions again. "Find another simile, Eugenie."

The girl turned away impatiently with smarting eyes. She was so tired of the continually booming breakers and drearily whistling buoy. She wished she hadn't come to California to visit Julia Knox. If Julia weren't a widow, or if Dr. Hunt weren't spending his vacation here or if Julia weren't so pretty and she so plain or if—

"Eugenie, dear"—Mrs. Knox looked out of half shut, baby blue eyes—"do you think it was prearranged for you and Frankie Hunt and me to play together as children and meet again at Santa Cruz as grownups? Don't you think that Dr. Hunt?"

"Who flitches my good name?" When a tall young man came around the porch corner he saw only Mrs. Knox. Her cousin had disappeared.

As Eugenie entered her room her cousin's clear tones floated through the open window.

"She is having one of her spells again because she isn't a Helen of Troy, and it reminds me of our school days. Do you remember when she cut off her hair in a rage because it was brown and straight instead of yellow and curly like mine?"

"Now, I call that mean of Julia," Eugenie thought, her face growing crimson as she heard them laugh. If she had not shut the window just then she might have heard the doctor's answer.

"No one but Eugenie thinks her face isn't good to look at."

By and by Julia ascended the stairs and tapped at her cousin's door.

"Dr. Hunt has his auto here and wishes us to ride with him. Get your hat and come on."

"Thanks. I have another engagement."

"All right," answered the widow sweetly. "I'll try to make up for your absence."

"I don't doubt it," observed Eugenie. Mrs. Knox went down five steps and paused. She wrinkled her white brow unbecomingly, sighed and went back.

"Honey," she called softly, her pretty lips at the keyhole, "did no one ever tell you that along with the Barnett nose you inherited the Barnett trick of making folks like you?"

Eugenie's grim features relaxed. "Good little Julia," she sighed as the red auto puffed away.

Her mind trailed back into the past. She was a little, dark faced girl again, playing with Frankie Hunt, her sworn champion until her cousin, Julia Epps, came to school. Personified daintiness was Julia Epps, from the blue bow on her yellow curls to the black bows on her tiny slippers.

One miserable, lonely noon hour Eugenie peered around the beech tree where she and he had always played together and saw something the memory of which even after a dozen years made a green flame leap into the woman Eugenie's eyes. Frankie Hunt was putting on Julia Epps' finger the ring which he had been digging out of a black button for her, Eugenie Barnett.

Another day she and Julia sat on Julia's mother's porch eating cookies. With her free hand Julia smoothed her ruffled white apron complacently.

"He says he loves me the best of anybody," she announced coquettishly. "Tomorrow is the last day of school," answered her cousin, "and my mamma says I may wear my lovely new dress. Then you'll see whom he likes best."

The fair Julia tossed her golden curls and answered grandly, "My dresses won't make any difference in his love."

"You'll see," Eugenie replied. That night Eugenie braided her hair into what curtained tresses into a tight little braids. Next day in the new dress—how well she remembered the gay plaids—with fluttering ribbons, kinky locks and the mien of a conqueror, she entered the school-room after the other children were seated.

With cleverly assumed carelessness

she glanced in Julia's direction. That young lady was wearing the same dress she had worn several times before, and, glory, that same old white apron! Eugenie wore no apron. She had been forced to start with one, but it was lying ingloriously under a stone in a fence corner. Retribution lay within its crumpled folds, but retribution could wait.

Just before recess she looked at Frankie Hunt. His eyes had been fixed upon her all the morning, and now he smiled entreatingly. Eugenie modestly lowered her eyes. At recess she stayed in her seat, being very busy with her geography. Frankie Hunt was tying a refractory shoe string. When the teacher was out of sight he jumped over four intervening desks to Eugenie's seat.

"You look awful nice, Genie. Will you be my girl?" he said.

And Eugenie answered solemnly, "If you'll cross your heart and hope to die you'll always love me better'n Julia Epps."

The woman Eugenie laughed and came back to the present.

"History sometimes repeats itself," she remarked. "I don't see now why Julia Knox—"

A half mile from Mrs. Knox's cottage the red auto, puffing back, came upon a surprising sight. A young woman, looking at once defiant and apologetic, her white dress mud spattered and blood stained, her brown hair blown about by a saucy sea breeze, stood by the roadside holding in her arms a dilapidated yellow mongrel, one leg swathed stiff in plaid silk bandages.

"Eugenie, where in the world are you going with that dirty dog?" shrieked the widow.

"Home," answered Eugenie laconically, turning toward a short cut across the hill.

"What's this?" and Dr. Hunt stepped out of the auto. "Broken leg, eh? Well, old fellow, you are in luck to get a capable surgeon in your hour of calamity. Silk bandages, too. I wonder if the splints are gold or ivory."

"I had forgotten my handkerchief, so I had to use my neck ribbon," she explained, starting to go.

"Get in here, Genie!" He used the pet name as in the old days. "This is better than walking."

"Oh, don't!" shrieked Julia Knox. "Don't get in here with that awful dog! I can't bear the sight of blood!" She closed her eyes shudderingly.

The little dog whined softly and tried to lick Eugenie's face. Her pulse leaped as she met the doctor's eyes.

"You did it scientifically, and you aren't a bit pale. Shouldn't you like to be a doctor?"

"Or a doctor's wife?" suggested Julia Knox, a trifle maliciously.

"Will you, dear?" he asked eagerly, watching the color flood her dark cheek. "Will you be this doctor's wife?"

"Well," said the pretty widow explosively, "I guess I'm not needed here. Eugenie, if you can guarantee that little beast not to bite I suppose I can take him home for you."

"I can't," said Eugenie happily, starting for the third time across the hill. "But," interposed the doctor, "you haven't answered my question. Will you be my girl, Genie?"

She looked back at him with radiant eyes and answered with mock solemnity:

"If you'll cross your heart and hope to die that you'll always love me better'n Julia Knox."

### She Had Her Way.

The late Counselor E., chairman of the quarter sessions for Dublin, was so remarkable for his leniency to female culprits that a woman was seldom convicted when he presided.

On one occasion when this humane barrister was in the chair a prim looking woman was put to the bar of the commission court, at which presided the equally humane, though perhaps not so gallant Baron S.

She was indicted for uttering forged bank notes. According to usual forms of law, the clerk of the crown asked the prisoner if she was ready to take her trial.

With becoming disdain she answered "No." She was told by the clerk she must give her reasons why.

As if scorning to hold conversation with the official, she thence addressed his lordship: "My lord, I won't be tried here at all. I'll be tried by my Lord E."

The simplicity of the woman, coupled with the well known character of E., caused a roar of laughter in the court which even the bench could not resist.

Baron S., with his usual mildness, was about to explain the impossibility of her being tried by the popular judge and said, "He can't try you," when the woman stopped him short and, with an inimitable sneer, exclaimed:

"Can't try me? I beg your pardon, my lord; he tried me twice before."

She was tried, however, and for the third time acquitted.

### Her Playing.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the old man. "Mandy's learnin' to play real good. Now, there's some sense in that piece she's playin'."

"That ain't Mandy," replied the wife. "It's the man tuning the piano."



## SPORTING NOTES.

Hogan, the great guard and tackle, is captain of this year's football team at Yale.

Columbia university is developing a very promising "bunch" of football players.

Wiltse of the New York Nationals pitched twelve consecutive games without a defeat.

Wrestler Tom Jenkins wants to meet Jim Jeffries, heavyweight champion pugilist, in a fight.

American autoists are making plans for a large representation in the James Gordon Bennett cup race abroad next spring.

Scott Hudson has shipped to Lexington, Tertimin, 2:24, Bessie Abbott and Little Herr. In all Hudson has returned thirteen horses since the opening of the campaign.

Miss Kinney, 2:19, is a new 2:20 performer for McKinney, 2:11. She took her new record in a winning race at Port Huron, Mich., recently, driven by Frank Cares of Detroit.

Sweet Marie continues to accumulate new trotting records. She is the largest money winner of the year, holds the season's race record and is winner of the fastest five heat race ever trotted.

## ANIMAL TALES.

A wealthy Frenchman has started a home for aged animals at his country place and now has a mule seventy-three years old, a goose thirty-seven and a cow thirty-six.

A Milford Haven (England) trawler recently landed twelve fine sturgeon caught in one haul. Some of them were six feet long. Such a catch had never been known previously.

A Vermont hen which has never been able to raise any chicks of her own has mothered the eggs of bantams, geese, ducks and even pigeons. Her latest exploit was to discover and hatch a nest of bald eagles.

One of the curiosities of this curious age of ours was caught in the waters of the Choptank river some time ago. It was a good sized terrapin with a healthy, well developed oyster on its back and was both literally and figuratively an oyster on four legs.

## THE COOKBOOK.

A loaf of stale bread is almost as good as when newly baked when wrapped closely in a towel and steamed through thoroughly.

Do not invariably throw away the oil from the can of sardines. It is a very good substitute for butter when codfish balls or made over dishes of fish are on hand.

The fishy taste can be removed from canned salmon or lobster by putting it in a colander, pouring boiling water over it and then letting it stand long enough to drain and cool.

## COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

The game of chess is still included in the curriculum of Russian schools.

European physicians claim that clay modeling in public schools is a greater source of danger than the use of slates because of the germs which stick in the clay.

In East Indian schools mental arithmetic is a vastly more serious matter than it is in the schools of this country. Pupils of ten years are taught to remember the multiplication table up to forty times forty.

Mrs. Agnes Knox Black, wife of Professor E. Carlton Black of Cambridge, Mass., has been appointed to the Boston university faculty and is the first woman who has ever held a position in the faculty of that institution. She will be at the head of the department of elocution and oratory.

## TRADE AND INDUSTRY.

Paper suits of clothes, to be thrown away when soiled, are proposed.

More cider is produced in the United States in a single year than in all the rest of the world in five years.

A firm of watchmakers in Switzerland takes annually from Sheffield 150 tons of steel for the manufacture of watch springs.

The rice paper tree, one of the most interesting of the entire flora of China, has recently been successfully experimented with in Florida.

In Great Britain among women workers there are 86 auctioneers, 6 architects, 3,071 brickmakers, 3,850 butchers, 54 chimney sweeps, 1 dock laborer, 5,170 goldsmiths, 9,603 printers, 745 railway porters, 117,640 tailors and 8 veterinary surgeons.

### Assured of It.

Dentist (who has pulled the wrong tooth)—I see how I made the mistake. I counted the molars from the back instead of the front. You don't seem to have cut your wisdom teeth yet, young man. Groaning Patient—That's evident from the choice I made of a dentist!

## WOMEN IN TROUSERS.

In Champéry, Switzerland, the Sight Causes No Comment.

It will probably be news to many advocates of feminine dress reform to hear that the women of Champéry, a primitive mountain district of the Canton Valais, Switzerland, have worn trousers from time immemorial. The Champéry region is in the southwestern part of the Canton Valais, the village of Champéry itself being at the foot of the Dent du Midi, well known to Lake Geneva tourists.

The men of Champéry are noted for their lazy habits, and beyond acting as guides to mountain climbers in the summer months they lead an absolutely idle life. The women perform all the hard labor required of a mountain-earning people. It is they who pasture the cattle on the steep and often dangerous Alpine slopes, cut the timber and mow the grass. It is a usual sight to see a Champéry woman, her daily toil ended, returning to the village dragging her husband on one of the wooden sleighs in general use throughout Switzerland, her lord and master all the while lazily smoking his pipe.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that the women of Champéry should have adopted the masculine attire. Their costume is of the simplest kind—a jerkin of rough, dark blue material, with trousers to match, and a red foulard to protect the head.

While desperately practical, nothing more unprepossessing in the way of feminine dress could be imagined than this costume of the Champéry dames and damsels. Moreover, these wives and mothers of Champéry, who are accustomed to all the work generally supposed to be the lot of the sterner sex, not unnaturally seek what consolation they can in masculine comforts. Chief among these is the short brar pipe, which they all smoke and evidently enjoy as much if not more than their husbands and fathers.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Business, like your salary, might always be better.

The croquette is the old fashioned hash ball after it gets into society.

Some people are too insistent on the right to be fools in their own way.

When a young man refuses to work, that is the beginning of all his other troubles.

When you abuse a boy for being worthless, remember how worthless you were at his age.

Some people say farming is so much easier than it used to be. Still, if a farmer does his duty even in these days he knows he has a job.

There is a good deal in print about the contagious laugh, but how often do you hear it? The writer of this knows but two people of all his acquaintance who have a laugh that is contagious.

### They Cut Both Ways.

Some intelligence offices encourage even the greenest girls to abandon general housework and try for the place of cook, parlor maid, etc., for it increases the fee, many offices basing this upon the amount of wages paid. This is one explanation of the decreasing number of general housework girls.

They are also responsible for some of the restlessness of employees. Girls are placed in positions and removed when they are needed for others. Some use employers as training schools. Green foreigners are sent, and when they have learned enough English and housework they are sent to others for higher wages, the office not neglecting to collect the extra fees.

Then they inform the long suffering employer that they understand her girl has left and that they can supply her need.—Atlantic Monthly.

### His Portrait.

A tramp of some little respectability appeared at a gentleman's door asking alms. "Not today," said the interrogated one. "When may I call?" responded the tramp. "Why don't call at all. I know what you are. I saw your picture on a tin can at the grocery store at the corner." The applicant for a loan sauntered leisurely down to the place and stood viewing the goods in the window. Soon his eye came upon a can of crustaceans from the Maine coast. Then the joke flashed on him. As he meandered away he mumbled to himself, "Well, that's the neatest way of calling a fellow a lobster that I've struck yet!"

### Harcourt and Tennyson.

One of the stories told of the late Sir William Vernon Harcourt relates to a gift at Tennyson. The poet was one day reading him the lyrics for "The Princess," and when in "Tears, Idle Tears," he came to the line, "The earliest pipe of half awakened birds," Harcourt looked up and said, "Ah, I suppose that would be a pipe before breakfast?" Tennyson is said to have received the jest a little grimly.

### Getting Serious.

You look hopeful. What's going on?" "The doctors have begun to issue bulletins concerning the condition of that rich uncle of mine who has been hanging on for so long."

## POOR TROMBETTI!

The Sad Tale of the Professor and the Journalist.

Professor Trombetti, whose praises were so much sung in the foreign press as knowing the greatest number of languages of any one ever born, relates an anecdote of himself which occurred just after he was "discovered." In Rome he was so reestered by journalists that his patience at last gave way, and when cornered by the gentlemen of the press his language became distinctly lurid.

One day as he was coming out of the central postoffice a frank looking young man stepped up to him, and, holding out his hand, said: "I am so glad to make your acquaintance; I have been trying to find you for days." "And may I inquire with whom I am speaking?" "Why, I am X! Not a near relation to be sure, but near enough to offer you congratulations," etc. Professor Trombetti, reassured, and glad to get hold of some one to unburden himself to, took the stranger's arm, and, as they went down the street, gave, in euphatic terms, a description of his sufferings, his opinion of journalists, and, incidentally, much information about himself which the papers had been vainly sighing for. Finally they parted with an engagement for dinner the next evening.

That night the professor was sitting tranquilly in a restaurant, the observed of all observers, when suddenly he was seen to spring to his feet with a smothered exclamation. His friends crowded about for an explanation, but he could only sit down weakly and point to his newspaper, the Giornale d'Italia. There, in large print, were his imprudent revelations of the afternoon. He had been "done" by a journalist.—Pall Mall Gazette.

## THE PERFECT NUMBER.

From Time Immemorial Three Has Had Unusual Significance.

The perfect number of the Pythagorean system, expressive of beginning, middle and end, was the number three. From time immemorial greater prominence has been given to it than to any other except seven. And as the symbol of the Trinity its influence has waxed more potent in recent times. It appears over and over again in both the New and Old Testaments. At the creation of the world we find land, water and sky, sun, moon and stars. Jonah was three days and nights in the whale's belly, Christ three days in the tomb. There were three patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Job had three friends. Samuel was called three times. Samson deceived Delilah three times.

Three times Saul tried to kill David with a javelin. Jonathan shot three arrows on David's behalf. Daniel was thrown into a den of three lions because he prayed three times a day. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego were rescued from a fiery furnace. The commandments of the Lord were delivered on the third day. St. Paul speaks of faith, hope and charity. Three wise men came to worship Christ with presents three. Christ spoke three times to Satan when he was tempted. He prayed three times before he was betrayed. Peter denied him three times. He suffered three hours of agony on the cross. The superscription was in three languages, and three men were crucified. Christ appeared three times to his disciples and rose the third day.

### Have You Got Them?

Do you feel anxious and preoccupied when the gas man goes by?  
Do you sleep badly?  
Do you go to bed hungry?  
Does your heart palpitate when you see a steak?  
Is there an all gone feeling in your pocket?  
Do you have nightmares?  
Do you do mental arithmetic every time you contemplate the purchase of "coffee and?"  
Have you a hunted look?  
Do you walk down dark alleys when you go downtown?  
Beware! Those are the symptoms. You're busted.

### French Conceit.

Etienne Dumont, writing in the early part of the last century, said: "The prevailing character of the French is that of conceit. Every member of the assembly considered himself capable of undertaking everything. I often said that if you proposed to the first hundred men you met in the streets of Paris and to the same number in the streets of London to undertake the charge of the government ninety-nine of them would accept in Paris and ninety-nine would refuse in London."

### Filth in Tibet.

Tibet is not a country where cleanliness and godliness go hand in hand. Neither the men nor the women take any care of their persons. They wear their clothes very long without changing, brushing or shaking them, keep them on even at night, use them as dusters and towels and take them off only when they drop off of themselves. They never wash their bodies and only in quite exceptional cases wash their faces and hands.



## FOR THE SICK ROOM

Ice Bags, Hot-water Bottles, Sick Feeders, Bed Pans, Syringes, Fever Thermometers, Medicine Glasses, Medicine Droppers, Lints and Cotton, Oiled Silk bandages, Antiseptic gauzes in fact anything in this line that is required

**P. B. WILLITS & CO.**  
PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

## CARPETS

We are making a specialty of Carpets, Rugs, etc., and have secured this extra space in the Clarion to advertise the goods

### LINOLEUMS!

We are also building a large addition as a Show Room in which to display our stock, and in a short time we shall be in a position to place before intending purchasers the largest and most varied assortment of Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs, Linoleums and Oil cloths ever exhibited in the Okanagan.

**Kelowna Furniture Co.**

## The New Firm

The undersigned having formed a partnership and erected a large and commodious warehouse on Barnard Ave. Kelowna, B. C., are prepared to supply the wants of the inhabitants of Kelowna, and surrounding country with all kinds of

Agricultural Implements, Buggies, Carriages, and Waggon

All of the best make. Also the celebrated Raymond Sewing Machines, Ellwood Standard Fencing and Cypress Incubators. The Deering Binders, Mowers, and Rakes a specialty. A Call is respectfully solicited from all.

**Elliott & Morrison**

## QUAKER BRAND TEA

Just received a Fresh Supply of the Celebrated Quaker Brand Tea. A trial solicited.

**Lequime Bros. & Co.**  
Sole Agents, Kelowna.

At the meeting of the Orange Order, Friday, five new members were initiated into the Orange degree. This organization, since its opening here about two months ago has made good progress and promises to become one of the most successful societies in the place.

J. E. Reekie of Margaret, Man, who has been visiting his brother Jas. Reekie since Friday left on Tuesday for a trip to the coast cities prior to returning east. He expects to be back here again with his family in a couple of months and will make his home in Kelowna.

Those wishing to receive the Final Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, thirteen short stories written by Conan Doyle and appearing in the twelve Saturday issue of the Free Press beginning Feb. 11 may receive same by remitting 35. cts. to the Free Press, Winnipeg, Man.

A small townsite is being laid out on the Rutland property, recently purchased by a Kelowna syndicate. It is thought that a few stores and other business places will locate there in order to accommodate the trade in that portion of the valley.

### Peachland Items.

(From Our Correspondent)

Miss Agnes Miller went to Salmon River last week for a few day's visit with friends in that vicinity.

A court of the Independent Order of Foresters was organized here last week by Wm. Garvie of Holland Man. There were over twenty charter members, and a second batch will be initiated Wednesday evening.

Messrs. Walter Hunter and Hugh Rose, of Kelowna, were in town last Wednesday assisting at the organization of the Court of Foresters.

Messrs. Hardy and Lipsett were hosts last Monday eve. at a gathering of old old timers of Peachland. About a dozen of the original stock is left, and they spent a very pleasant evening, reviewing the experiences of their seven years in Peachland. The meeting ended up with the singing of "Molly Riley," the old camp song of early days.

A dance was given last Tuesday in the Orange Hall in honor of the Misses Ching who leave for Winnipeg next Saturday. These ladies have been a valuable addition to the social life of the community during their nine months visit, and their departure is much regretted by their numerous friends in Peachland.

Rev. C. W. Whyte set out Tuesday morning to attend the Presbytery meeting in Kamloops. He expects to return on Friday.

### Apples for Sale,

Apply to J. L. PRIDHAM.

### For Sale

Forty cords of cotton wood, half a mile from town, at two dollars per cord on ground. 30-4 HUGH ROSE.

### Strayed

A Sorrel Filly, one year old, star on forehead, no brand visible—will be sold in thirty days if not claimed. Can be seen at J. McLellan's stables, Kelowna. 20, 2, '05. Hugh S. Rose, Agent for S.P.S.A.

### For Sale

A carload of feed wheat, by Jas. Jones and Henry Burtch.

### Geo. E. Winkler

Real Estate Agent

Real Estate and Mining Broker, Insurance, etc. Choice Okanagan and Similkameen Fruit Lands for sale.

PENTICTON, B. C.

### H. W. Raymer

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Kelowna,

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For Particular People

The last few days have kept us busy opening New Goods and now we have in stock a variety of Dress Fabrics that is bound to please the most fastidious buyer. We desire to draw attention to one or two lines, and particularly to

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In pretty Check and Stripe Effects, also fine

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Which were bought in suit lengths only, and no two alike, with prices to suit the thinnest purse.

### In Wash Dress-Goods

We have the finest selection in the valley, among which are to be found dainty Muslins, Scotch Ginghams, Mercerised Foulards, Grass Linens, Windsor Nicotise, Fancy Hollands, and the best range of Crums Prints that was ever loaded on the Aberdeen. All we ask is careful inspection from shrewd buyers, and remember that now is the time to get the best selection.

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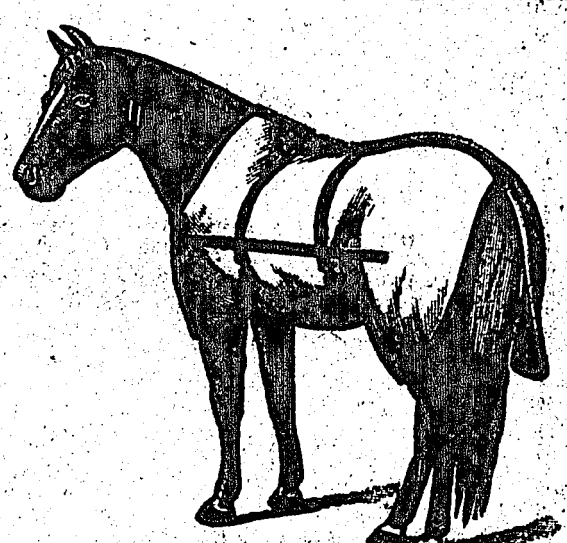
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